

M. B. McLEOD
HAULING & PLOWING

The Wainwright Star

JUL 10 1930

M. B. McLEOD
DRIVING & TEAMING
Phone 140 for Service

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Council Ready To Enforce New Bylaws

THE BANK OF MONTREAL MUST BUILD OR MOVE OUT FROM FIRE LIMITS

Minutes of a regular meeting of the Wainwright Town Council held in the Council chamber.

A delegation from the Wainwright Curling Club waited on the Council...

Moved by Coun. Clifton—That the Council be a committee of the whole...

A communication from the Calgary Power Co. Ltd. stating that they are planning to build a power house...

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EDGERTON ECHOES

A large number of Edgerton and district residents celebrated Dominion Day at the Wainwright sports...

The funeral last week of Mr. W. H. Halseth...

The service will be held on Sunday, July 14th...

Drop around here are looking for just now than for many years...

Prize winners of Dominion Day sports...

CONTRACT LET FOR BANK OF MONTREAL...

In making a wire from the Town Council...

The general programme will be varied from day to day...

The games will be opened to the public on Monday at noon...

The various days at the Edmonton Exhibition have been named as follows:

Monday—Official Opening, and Children's Day.

Tuesday—Farmers' Day.

Wednesday—Citizens' Day.

Thursday—Old Timers' Day.

Friday—Prest Day.

Saturday—Midway Day.

WILL NOT SHARE LIQUOR PROFITS

PREMIER SAYS MUNICIPALITIES WILL RECEIVE NO SPLIT DIVIDENDS

EDMONTON—Profits from the sale of liquor by the Alberta government...

One of the most important changes asked for is an increase in the period of residence necessary to qualify for liquor license...

It was stated as the feeling of the municipalities organization that the government should share with the local governing bodies the annual profits...

SOMETHING DOING ALL THE TIME

All roads will lead to Edmonton next week July 14th to 19th...

The first programme of attractions presented to exhibition goers has been secured for this year's event...

At the Wainwright United Church on Thursday, July 2nd...

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PRIZE WINNERS OF DOMINION DAY SPORTS

CELEBRATION COMMITTEE PUT ON SUCCESSFUL LIST OF SPORTS FEATURES

Because the crowd was not a record on any one day...

The committee are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts...

In the baseball tournament some real snappy ball was witnessed...

Another feature of the day was the Town Band...

During the day the Special troupe of acrobatic school boys...

Altogether, in spite of adverse circumstances...

The winners in the various events were as follows:

Parade—Best come on foot, R. M. Clark, 1; D. Wallace, 2; T. Siddall, 3.

Best come in vehicle, "Midnight Taxi"; Laundry Taxi, 2; Fresh Air Taxi, 3.

Best original, D. Wallace, 1; W. Siddall, 2; Most original in vehicle, Bill Stuart, Best Fumaker, E. Gehring.

Best Pitching—P. E. Wiley & G. Murray, 1; P. L. Deakin & G. Eisenman, 2; I. & G. Kelly, 3; R. M. & H. Kelly, 4.

Horse Racing—Green Race: G. Barton, 1; L. Teeter, 2; Ed Murray, 3.

Pony Race—B. Allard, 1; Earl Murray, 2; A. Dauberg, 3.

Foot-race—P. Twardy, 1; G. Allard, 2.

Junior Baseball—Wainwright, 1; Gilt Edge, 2; Irma, 3.

Senior Baseball—Hardisty, 1; Ribstone, 2.

Wainwright, Hughenden and Jarro also sent teams on to the field.

GOOD MEETING OF BROOM AND STANE ENTHUSIASTS

Quite a nice meeting of enthusiasts of the "roaring game" met in the Swanson building last week...

The chairman explained that the meeting had been called to discuss the prospects of having a curling club built in conjunction with the new skating rink...

Liberals of Battle River Riding Meet

CONVENTION DECIDES NOT TO PUT CANDIDATE IN FIELD THIS ELECTION

Meeting was called to order at 3:00 p.m. with Mr. R. M. Lee of Provost in the chair...

The delegates were then addressed by the Chairman after which the question of contesting the election in the interests of the Liberal party was taken up...

The Convention was then addressed by Captain J. C. Bowen of Edmonton who gave a most interesting and instructive address...

A number of the town's young men are spending their holiday at the lake on a summer camp proposition...

Mrs. J. J. Armstrong of Fabyan, has been appointed, teacher of a school at Fabyan...

Moved by Col. W. J. Shortreed that executive committee of Honorary President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer and one member from each Provincial constituency...

Amendment moved by Mr. G. Shene that there be three members of executive from each Provincial constituency...

The election of officers for the ensuing term was then proceeded with and resulted as follows:

Hon. Pres.—Right Honourable William Lyon Mackenzie King.

Vice-Pres.—Mr. Martin L. Forster, Wainwright; Mrs. Norman MacLellan, Kildonan.

Sec.-Treas.—Mr. J. A. MacKenzie, Wainwright.

Executive Committee—Lieut.-Col. Shortreed, Hardisty; A. Johnston, Hardisty; J. Laughey, Metlakow; G. Nance, Vermilion; R. B. Hall, Immersburg; A. Campbell, Metlakow; M. Almaguer, Leighton; W. Sherrill, Inlay; W. Telford, Vermilion; L. F. Byrnes, Edgerton; J. Donaghy, Irma and H. Messier, Wainwright.

Moved by Messrs MacLellan and Forster that above constitute the executive—Carried.

Moved by Messrs MacLellan and Forster that a majority of the executive constitute a quorum—Carried.

A hearty vote of thanks was extended to the retiring President, Vice President and other members of the executive before the meeting adjourned.

Government Tree-Planting Car

Which will visit Wainwright on Saturday and Sunday, July 26 and 27 with lectures and motion pictures

The Tree Planting Car of the Canadian Forestry Association will arrive in Wainwright on Saturday July 26th...

The full itinerary of the car in this district is as follows: Wed., July 23—Edgerton. Thurs., July 24—Heath. Fri., July 25—Wainwright. Sat., July 26—Wainwright. Sun., July 27—Wainwright. Mon., July 28—Fabyan. Tues., July 29—Fabyan. Wed., July 30—Irma.

"BYRON OF BROADWAY" ENGAGING TALKIE

SONGS AND TECHNICOLOR REVUES PUT THIS FILM IN BIG HIT CLASS

A smart little story acted with a rare freshness and good humor...

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer musical talkie would get by even without the glamour of its featured players.

It would still be a good evening entertainment without its lavish revue scenes filmed in Technicolor and including Albertina Rasch ballets.

For the plot is original enough to be diverting and the characters honest and true.

Roy Edwards (Kaley) is the hero of the tale, a good-looking young cafe piano player who can't help it if all the women he meets fall in love with him.

The first of these is a dame (Gwen Lee) who writes a song hit; the second one Nancy (Marion Shilling) helps him get it published; the third and fourth (Rita Flynn and Ruth Chaves) fight over him when he becomes a vaudeville headliner.

The fifth, Ardis (Ethelred Terry) makes him think she loves him and causes his subsequent disillusionment and return to the one he really loves, namely Nancy.

William Nigh and Harry Beaumont, co-directors, have given the principals plenty of opportunity to dance and sing the hit numbers.

Spectacular Technicolor revues including one based on the nursery rhyme about the old lady who lived in a shoe are an unusual feature. In the Mother Goose number the old shoe is magically transformed into a high-heeled French slipper.

The work of the cast is uniformly excellent. The picture was taken from Neil Martin's novel of the same name with dialogue and continuity written by Chase Wilbur and Willard Mack.

ALMA MEAT MARKET

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People are of Two Sorts

—PEACE-MAKERS, TROUBLE-MAKERS

SO ARE FOODS SOME IRRITATE AND INFLAME THE DIGESTIVE TRACT. OTHERS BRING PEACE, HARMONY, CONTENTMENT.

M-E-A-T

IS THE GREAT TRANQUILIZER. IT SOOTHES AND NOURISHES. WHY? BECAUSE IT IS NATURE'S COMPLETE RATION, REPRESENTING ALL FOOD AND NO WASTE. BUILD YOUR MEALS UPON IT.

FRESH FISH EVERY THURSDAY

ALMA MEAT MARKET

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Known For Its Fair Treatment

EVER since the Holden Co-Operative Creamery was established, the first consideration of this firm has been the winning of the confidence of its cream shippers, through courteous, fair and honest treatment.

THIS policy has earned for us the reputation of being among Alberta's best creameries.

IF YOU are planning on shipping cream to any point, write to us. Our business policies are in your interests.

Bring your cans to the Monarch Meat Market for shipment. Cheques by return mail direct to you

Holden Co-Operative Creamery Assoc.

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CORONA is the World's Champion Portable on the following 8 exclusive points:

Strength: Corona has a rigid one-piece solid aluminum frame.

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Completeness: More big-machine features than any other portable typewriter.

Easy to Learn: Corona design is the result of 20 years' study of the needs of beginners.

War Service: An unequalled record for durability as the official portable of the Allied Armies.

Popularity: As many Coronas have been sold as all other portables combined.

Durability: Coronas purchased 20 years ago are still giving satisfactory service.

Beauty: Graceful in line; exquisitely finished in every detail.

Drop into our store today and see Corona. The minute you lay eyes on it you will realize why a million people use it—why so many business men, novelists, newspaper men, and students in schools and colleges prefer Corona to any other portable.

Come in and try Corona with your own hands. See how speedy it is—how smoothly it operates. If you can't come to the store, simply telephone us and a Corona will be sent to your home or office for examination. There is no obligation.

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"YOUR TYPEWRITER MEN"

CALGARY

EDMONTON

REGINA

The Sins of The Fathers

Life in a town like Montrose does certainly make some queer combinations. Nobody could have dreamed that Sue Walker's life was going to be affected one way or the other, by the home motion-picture camera that Mrs. Frank Kintred's father sent her for a present. In fact, nobody ever knew that Sue was in town the evening that the Kintreds' invited quite a bunch of us in to look at the films.

They'd taken pictures of Frankie's birthday party that all our children had been at, so, of course, we were all crazy to see them. I hadn't stayed through the party myself but the twins looked so adorable when I left them there in their white linen brother-and-sister suits, that I settled down to watch the films with very pleasant anticipation. The living-room was crowded and Rosie Merton and I drew the piano bench to sit on. It took a long time to get the screen adjusted. Then one roll of film went by and all over the floor and it took both Frank and Marian some time to get it wound back right. We all sat and made polite waiting conversation. At last, everything was ready, the lights were turned off there was a humming, clicking sound and a square of white light appeared on the screen.

"This," Mrs. Kintred explained, "is the film that came with the camera so you can see how the picture ought to look." I suppose it was an all right enough film, but, impatient as I was to see the twins, I wished they had omitted the preliminaries. At last, however, it was over. Now here," said Mrs. Kintred triumphantly, "is the film we took on our vacation."

Rosie and I stirred impatiently on the piano bench. A seat without a back gets uncomfortable so soon. I suppose the vacation film was all right enough too, if you happened to be interested in the Kintreds' vacation. But as I'd never seen any of the crowd before, I found it kind of slow going.

At last, however, it was over and we sighed with relief, thinking that now we were going to see our children. There was the long pause while they ran the vacation film back on to the spools or whatever it is they do, and got another ready. Finally the lights went out again.

"This," said Mrs. Kintred "is the film Frank took at the Porter Company's convention. Honestly, that was going too far. All over the living-room you could hear cracks as people sat back disappointedly in their chairs. Rosie and I could have told them they were lucky to have had chairs to settle back in. I was beginning to get curious of the spite on that bench.

But the fun that Frank got out of showing us the convention. Of course, you don't know any of these people," he explained, "but they are a dandy bunch. Delegates from all over these states. See that big fellow—he's a perfect card. He had the crowd roaring all the time."

But at last our patience was rewarded. About ten o'clock just before my back was due to break entirely, the film flashed on the screen. It had a beautiful title all in old-English letters with a fancy border: "Frankie's Birthday." The strappings and coughings ceased, you could feel feet parents coming to life all over the room.

"Frankie Gets up on His Birthday Morning" was the first caption read. And we watched Frankie sit up in his crib and then crawl out. It was Frankie's sixth birthday morning—which is past all the cute, funny, baby age—and Frankie is one of the most unattractive children that ever lived, anyway. A spoiled little smart

Then we had "Frankie Bats His Breakfast" and "Frankie Starts for Kindergarten" and "Frankie Gets up from His Nap" which was considerably like "Frankie Gets up in the Morning." At last, just as we were ready to tell Frankie by any slow and painful method, came:

"Frankie Greets His Party Guests" Nobody knew whose child had arrived first, so we all leaned forward in suspense. Honestly, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I wouldn't have believed it. There, big in the center of the films was Frankie shaking hands. And in order to get Frank large and plain in the middle of the camera, the guest was out of altogether. There was that unbearable Frankie grinning and shaking hands with a fat little arm that went off into black silver screen at the show. One child after another arrived, but all we saw was Frankie shaking hands.

Then there was "Birthday Party Plays Drop-the-Handkerchief" — and Frankie tearing around with a head kerchief and a circle of little backs that disappeared before you could see them from another. And "The Birthday Party Runs the Tail on the Donkey" — Frankie blindfolded and filling the whole picture of course. There was one final picture that did show all the children around the table, but they all had on paper cups and before I had time to pick out the best one from another, and "The Birthday Party Runs the Tail on the Donkey" — Frankie blindfolded and filling the whole picture of course.

And all the lovely things that could be done with a home motion-picture camera!

When Miss Prescott, who is a rich old maid and always getting up civil things in Montrose—payments and Community songs and Take-Your-Child-to-the-Devil Week, and every thing like that—when Miss Prescott approached me to work on a motion picture called "Our Montrose—Then and Now" and said that Mr. Frank Kintred had generously offered the use of his motion-picture camera, my first thought was to say, "I never see Mr. Frank Kintred's motion-picture camera again. However, I thought better of this as she talked on."

The camera was a very fine one—Mrs. Kintred's father never sends any thing but the best—and Miss Prescott said we could take a picture that could be shown at the Country Club and the Masonic Hall and a few places like that, to make money for some charity, and then it could be sealed up an put away in the town archives—whatever they are.

On second thought that didn't sound so bad. In fact, it gave me a thrill to think of people maybe a hundred years from now, unseeing the film and looking for instance at the playground scene and saying for instance, "Who is that adorable little blond girl?" And it would be Jill.

I was put on the Historical Committee to look up typical old scenes, but I was interested in the today part just as much. Of course, the new Children's Playground had to be got in. Montrose might be said hardly to need a public playground, nearly everybody having yards, but when Mr. Burris offered to donate the land for one, the Chamber of Commerce and the Boost Montrose Club and all the other organizations got together to fit it up with swings and whirligigs.

Jack and Jill hardly ever go there they are a little too young and it is too far from our home, but naturally I took them over the day the pictures were to be taken there. So did

every other mother in town. Honestly it was like old home week, you ran into everybody you knew.

I was helping to get a lot of children together for a picture around the swings when I noticed a little boy three years old or so that I didn't recognize, off at one side.

Get over, closer to the other child "I'm sorry," I told him, "you'll be in the picture."

"Oh, can't he be in it too?" he asked, looking surprised. And when I said "Of course, he straddled over to a swing as though he was tickled to death. He was a cute little fellow, big-eyed little fellow."

My speaking to him seemed to make him think I owned the playground, because a little later he limped up and asked me if he could play on the swings.

"Why, of course, honey, if our mother lets you. The playground is public it belongs part to you."

"To me?" he asked. And when I repeated that it did, he said, "Can I walk anywhere I want to? And touch anything I want to?"

As anyone who has ever taken a three-year-old child into anybody else's house knows, that is a very unusual attitude; but beyond thinking how grateful I must have been for his mother I didn't give it a second thought. And I might not have thought about it again, if I hadn't happened to see him, when the ladies from the Water Street Church were giving out kites.

That was for a picture, and the children certainly entered into it with enthusiasm. To my surprise I saw the same little boy hanging off to the side of me.

"Why don't you get your kite?" I asked.

"Is one for me?" he exclaimed, as if he'd never thought of such a thing though all the other children were fairly knocking each other over to get them.

When he came back with a big one in his mouth, I asked, "What's your name little boy?"

"Robbie," he said, and before I had time to ask him "Robbie who?" he added, "I'm Sue Walker's child."

That placed him of course, though I had never known Sue very well. She was a little younger than I and lived way up on Somers Street. She'd left Montrose to work in Chicago three or four years ago and though I had seen in the Monitor just a few days ago that she had returned to make her home with her mother. I couldn't recall her married name so I didn't even know she had a child. So "Robbie what?" I asked.

"Robbie Shames," the little boy said. "We got chickens at our house. Have you got chickens at your house?"

I said we hadn't chickens but we had a kitty, and for a minute or two carried on the sort of conversation you do with a three-year-old.

When I was telling Will about the afternoon at supper time, I told him about Robbie, and I recalled that fun my little phrase "I'm Sue Walker's child." It seemed such an odd way for such a baby to speak.

However, I didn't have any time to think about little boys with good manners the next two or three weeks. The Montrose Now Committee had a cinch compared with us on the Montrose Then. All the Nows had to do was arrange for pictures of the new hotel and the post office, and recess at the public school, and Main street during the noon hour, and the Boost Montrose Club picnic at Woodhill and such things. All the merchants were tickled to death to help—it was good advertising. But Boy, how the Montrose Then Committee had to dig!

(To be continued)

The modern generation will stop at nothing but a petrol station.

TIRED IT IS EVER HAVE IT, HUH?

Symptoms are like the "clothing disease"—you know; Tongue is coated and your breath comes in short pants. Each foot weighs a ton and you just can't get any pep or speed? Pleasant feeling isn't it?

Remedy? Sure. Ease up; locate the trouble and fix it.

Same thing applies to your car, she can't get pep or power after being worked to death all last summer—ease up and bring the car to us. There's usually a lot of little troubles—we'll find 'em all and correct them.

Just another way of saying that it's a good time to have your car overhauled and put in condition for summer running. You're welcome.

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PRICED TO SUIT ALL POCKETS

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When making PROGRESS in building or repairing think of.

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Five famous brands-one quality-the best

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**Light Lunches, Full Course Meals
Sandwiches of all Kinds
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Afternoon Teas
a Specialty
French Puff Pastry
Cakes**

You Will Enjoy Eating In Our Dining Room

ALL WHITE HELP

Farmers' Trade Solicited Prices Very Moderate

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**Good Meals
Good Rooms
Clean Beds**

Meals At All Hours

(CORNER OF FIRST AVE. & MAIN ST.)

Quan Hall --- Proprietor

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We Correctly Develop Your Films

and the prints are the best that can be made (and you do not have to wait for days—your prints are ready in less than 24 hours)

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We have a large range of

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For the Picnic, Camp or Lake

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SAFETY FIRST!

WHEN THE HAIL COMES

And
YOU RECEIVE A CHECK
IN FULL FOR YOUR LOSS FROM
**THE CANADIAN INDEMNITY
COMPANY**
OH, BOY!! AIN'T IT A GRAVE-AND
AN' GLORE-ECCUS FEELING TWA-TA-TA!

We REPRESENT more than a dozen of the strongest HAIL
INSURANCE COMPANIES who are willing to take that load-off
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TRANSFERS AND DRIVERS LICENSES

Hat Overboard

An overcoat and a radio seem to have few points of similarity. Yet, for all that James Downing was undecided which to buy on that bleak November day on which he was trying to get to the village. In his pocket was money enough for one of the two, but not for both. And he wanted the radio. He had been pondering much on the beauties of this machine and had paid little attention to the argument of his family, that, with the coming of winter, an overcoat would be more useful to him.

Their logic he had disregarded, but today came an appeal to his common sense that he could not ignore. It was the north wind; it came enveloping across barren wastes and led through his winter outer clothing to the flesh and bone beneath. It was not merely an ordinary autumn blow but a wind in great puffs so abrupt and powerful that at times they would force the young man over to the side of the road. He had to lean sideways to withstand the striking blast.

By the time he had reached the town he had decided that the radio could wait. He bought himself a warm ulster at once and still had money enough to buy a felt hat that he had been needing. As it turned out it would have been better for him had he not done so.

Examining his old cap into a pocket and wearing the new hat and coat, he left the store well satisfied with his purchases.

The gale seemed to increase in violence. It came in puff after puff, gust after gust, with a swoop and a roar—a momentary hail—and another swoop. The new coat though warm made walking difficult for it offered a broad target for the gale to beat and tug against. Several times he was almost thrown off his balance by sudden gusts. Moreover, his hat bothered him. It seemed larger now than it had when he had tried it on in the store. Indeed, twice it was nearly blown off by unexpected puffs. He found it necessary to hold his head bent a little to one side so that the wind could not get under the hat.

So disagreeable was the day for a long walk that James decided to take the short cut by the river. The path led along a cliff that dropped off sheer from the bank for fifty feet and then gradually merged from a sharp precipice into a steep declivity. The upper part was made of stone, broken by some gnarled and sturdy tree growth that had found a foothold in some crevice of the rocks. Further down, where the slope began to level, there were more trees of normal shape and height.

James walked on, whistling a little tune, each note of which the wind snatched and whistled off over the cliff. Far below, in midstream, another boat was plowing its way upriver. James thought he knew every craft in that part of the country. But he could not identify this one, though he stopped and gazed upon it. In his interest, he forgot his new hat. A gust of wind pried under the brim of it and whistled it from his head. It struck the ground and rolled over and over toward the cliff.

James forgot motor boat, precipice, wind—everything but the fact that he was on the point of losing his brand-new purchase. He sprang forward after his hat. Twice he nearly had it, twice the wind twitched it away. Just at the brink the hat fell over on its side and wavered as if undecided whether to wait for the owner or to spring out over the edge. James gave one last desperate leap for it, and a sudden gust whisked the hat over and away.

And that was not all. This same terrific gust struck him squarely as he was stooping forward, and threw him off his balance. For an agonizing instant he tottered, contorting himself as desperately as a novice tight-rope walker to regain his equilibrium. And he might have done it had not a second blast struck him and swept him clear over the ledge. With the lower part of his coat billowing out like a parachute he fell—feet foremost—toward the deadly rocks below.

Then there came a sudden blow at the back of his neck so violent that it deprived him of his senses. When he came to himself he had a curious feeling of being nowhere. His feet rested on nothing at all; and he might have had the sense of floating in mid-air, had it not been for an intense pressure on his shoulders and the back of his neck.

The downward rush of his fall had sent his coat ballooning out. One of the stubby little trees projecting from a cliff crevice had caught under his coat, had thrust itself up between his overcoat and his neck, and had given him the blow as it checked his descent. He was not a heavy boy and the tree had held. So had the fabric of the new coat. He and the garment were caught as if by some great coat-hanger. That was why he was now dangling between the sky and earth instead of lying mangled below.

James thought that he should be able to clutch the tree, drag himself up to the face of the cliff and then clamber up or down. But when he turned his head as well as the pres-

sure against it would permit, he saw that the tail of his coat, that the face of the cliff was as smooth as marble except for one crevice from which the tree had sprung. There was not even a too-hold for yards in either direction. There could be no possible escape that way; and it would be no advantage to him to cling to the tree with arms that would tire until he was forced to let go. What was more, he noticed that the sudden wrench of his checked fall had torn the tree roots out. Any abrupt movement on his part would finish the work. Obviously, to do nothing but keep still seemed the only safe course.

The sudden thought struck him that perhaps the people on the boat he had seen might help him. But he could not distinguish the boat on the river below. At last, far upstream, he discerned a dwindling speck on the water. He had been unable for so long that the boat and the owner had passed far beyond his sight. Nevertheless, he shouted at the top of his voice on the chance that someone above might hear him. Even as he did so he realized how vain the hope was. Hardly anyone but himself ever took the path along the cliff.

About ten feet down he saw the top of a spreading branch of a tree that grew from the declivity at the foot of the cliff. He wondered if he could possibly grasp it successfully when he dropped. The foot seemed impossible. His position was apparently without remedy and his seeming escape had turned to be really no escape at all. Unless he could be seen from some craft on the river, he might better to have fallen to the rocks at once.

As he gazed against a predicament that prevented him from trying to get free, a new terror struck him. It was growing dark! The shadows had been creeping on and on; already he was finding it difficult to distinguish objects at any distance. James realized that he must do something. He must drop and take the slim chance of being able to cling to a limb of the tree below as he shot down.

The three upper buttons of his coat had been buttoned when he went over the cliff and had held. That was one reason why his coat had not been ripped from his back. Now fixing his eyes on a large limb that he could see below, James managed to unfasten two of the buttons. Instantly, the strain burst off the third one, but instead of falling, he only sagged lower in his coat while the tug under his arms increased. As long as his arms were at his sides he could not get free. In order to get in position so that his weight would help free him instead of to hold him, he must raise both arms above his head and a little back of him. Then his weight would tend to pull him clear out of his coat.

This would mean that as he fell his arms would be above his head instead of in position to catch the limb as he shot past it. Still the thing must be done. Somehow he must manage to get his hands down quickly.

He raised both arms gradually now they were breast-high, now shoulder high, now a little above the head. Then as he strained them upward as far as he could, he felt his arms suddenly slipped smoothly out of his coat and shot downward.

The up-rising branch struck the crook of his knee. His leg held long enough to whirl him over head down, and then began to slip off. But just as he started to fall again, the fingers of one hand touched the bough, gripped it and held. The other hand caught and in a moment James was stretched on the limb panting but exultant. Eight minutes later, bruised and bleeding he was at the foot of the tree. He clambered down the rest of the rough declivity

in the dusk, and, at the edge of the river at last, stumbled off towards home.

The next day James went back along the top of the cliff, carrying a stout cord with his largest fishhook on the end. Below, on its queen hanging, dangled the coat that had saved his life. After several tries he succeeded in fishing it up. Hence, for a slight tip it was unsturt. James wore and cherished the coat for years in fact, long after he had got his overcoat radio.

A COLUMN OF WIT & HUMOR

Benevolent old gentlemen: "And what happens to little boys who tell lies?"
Urchin: They get in half price, sir.

The two small brothers were in bed. They had been lying very still when their mother entered the room to say "Goodnight!"

Michael, aged five years, asked, "Mother, why do we have a sky?"
Before his mother could answer the three year old John explained, "To keep the birds in of course."

Madge: "What do you think of a man who is constantly deceiving his wife?"
Jack: "He is a marvel."

Judge: "You corroborate your husband's evidence!"
Witness: "Certainly not, it is all true."

"The pendulum has swung with a vengeance and now we seem to be in for a hat that is so full that the underbrim rests on the wearers shoulders. One wonders what the fashionable hat will do next."—Fashion Paragraph.

"Perhaps if it gets too full it will brim over."—Liverpool Post.

One thing wrong with the country is that most of it has moved to the city."—Thomaston, U.S.A. Times

Stock-market smokers appear to prove that instead of dreading the fire, the burned child just can't believe that he was burned.

When wearing green, the nose, if too pale may be touched up with a coral pencil of the rather expensive variety.

A simpler, and less expensive method would be not to let the nose wear green.

Nurse: "Jimmy an angel has just brought you a baby brother. Would you like to see him?"
Jimmy: "I'd like to see the angel."

An American, charged with distilling whiskey, said he did it to distract his thoughts during fits of depression. He was only painting the clouds with moonshine.

Visitor: "I suppose everyone in the hotel dresses for dinner?"
Chambermaid: "Oh, yes, madam; meals in bed are charged extra."

A match of considerable importance was in progress and one player was driving and approaching brilliantly, but putting very badly.

One of the spectators remarked to that player's caddy, "Your man is driving wonderfully well."
"Aye!" remarked the caddy very cynically, "But, what's the good of putting an umbrella up if your boots

are leaking."

Lecturer (in loud voice): "I venture to insert there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our vast forests."

Men in audience (timidly): "I've shot woodpeckers."

He had just asked her to marry him and she had murmured "yes."
"Jack dear," she ventured, after a long silence, "am I the only girl—"

The young man's arms tightened about her.
"Yes," he interrupted fiercely, "don't ask me whether you are the only girl I ever loved. You know as well as I do."
"That wasn't what I was going to ask, Jack," she answered. "I was going to ask if I were the only girl who would have you."

THE TELEPHONE GIRL

The telephone girl sits in her chair and listens to voices from everywhere. She knows who is happy and who is blue; she knows all the gossip, she knows all the news. She knows our sorrows, she knows our joys. She knows the girls who are playing with boys. She knows every time we are "out with the boys." And she knows the excuse each fellow employs. She knows our troubles, she knows all our strife. She knows the man who is mean to his wife. If the telephone girl should tell what she knows it would turn our friends into bitter foes. She could sow a wind that would soon be a gale. Engrave us in trouble and land us in jail. She could start a story, which, gaining in force, would cause many wives to sue for divorce. She could get our churches mixed in a fight. She could turn our day into sorrowing night. In fact, she could keep the town in a stew. If she told one-tenth of the things she knows. Gee! Doesn't it make your head just whirl? When you think what we owe to the telephone girl?

—The Silent Partner.

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do you throw away that leaky boiler, tank, pump, etc? Bring it to me and I will repair it for you, at a very reasonable cost.

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A reputation gained by 260 years of continuous service stands behind any brand bearing the words

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What Shall We Name The Baby?

A SYMPOSIUM BY INTERESTING PEOPLE OF TODAY
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM A. LEWIN

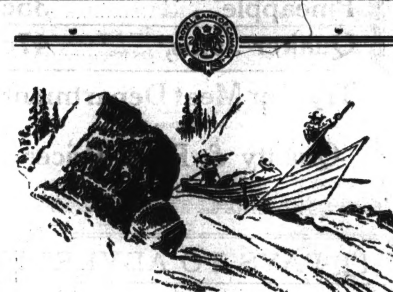
To select a suitable name for each new baby that comes into the world is indeed an absorbing problem. Nearly 2,000,000 new babies were born last year. And yet there are less than 1,000 names to choose from. Parents search long hours for suggestions. Shall we create some interesting new names?

No. 16—LUOREZIA BORI
OPERA SINGER

Among my favorite names for boys, my favorite names for girls are William, James, Arthur, George, Margaret, Graciele, Maria, Elsie, and Raymond.

WILLIAM is a name of Teutonic origin meaning "helmet of two armies." Its derivatives are Wm, Will, and Bill. It is a name made famous by William Shakespeare, poet and dramatist; William Tell Swiss patriot; William Penn founder of Pennsylvania; William Shakespeare, famous Nineteenth Century British novelist. "Father calls me William; sister calls me Will; Mother calls me Willie, but the fellows call me BIE."

EUGENIA is a name of Greek origin meaning "well born."



RISK!

TO-DAY the lure of easy profits is drawing many into the whirlpool of risky speculation—tomorrow the vision of wealth may be rudely shattered.

A few years hence, which will be yours—a comfortable balance in the Bank or vain regrets for hasty action?

The Royal Bank of Canada

Wainwright Branch - G. C. Siddall, Manager

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BRING YOUR CREAM HERE FOR SHIPMENT AND RECEIVE
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MONARCH MEATS

E. W. GEHRING, Mgr. Phone 33 MAIN STREET

SLATS' DIARY

By Ross Parquhar

Friday—Pa got off a nice crack to the supper table today, but I don't think it went over so big with me as specially. Ma said that she thought that that marriage was a good thing for Pa, but I don't think that most men improved after marriage. Pa said he had a friend who got married and he said he was a good deal better off than he was before. Pa was a socialist and didn't believe in any such place as a friend.

and Ma and Pa what does he believe in now and Pa said he believed in a socialist place now. Saturday—Since Ma is getting so scarce Ma Jones with lives a cross the creek go, and of her husband because the cook didn't like him.

Sunday—well Ma and me and Ma Jones is planning to build a new place. Ma Jones says he knows where to get most everything for it. Keep a Momentum and he says all machines have a Momentum.

Monday—The boys are having lots of fun with the new kid which came to Pa. Pa Jones every summer his name is Archie and Ma and me was a past Mr. Smith's cherry trees we said him did he ever do any more. Ma and me he did not. He kept a library book three days too long.

Tuesday—Ma had a man here to clean the house today and when he had went away she discovered a lot of towels missing and she called up the Marshall and he said they were marked and she said yes two of them had YWCA on them and four had Pullman on them and the Marshall just said she and he.

Wednesday—we went down to the city today and in the rail rode station. Ant. Emmy seen the information Booth and she went up and sat. Ma said if he new what was good for a bad summer cold. He said, and she said he must be foolish to not need nothing.

Thursday—Ma just got back from her pa's vacation and she said she seen a lot of Sub. Marines at Norfaw and that they was all supposed to have cunning towns but she didn't think they was so off to cut at that.

REFRESHING EATS FOR THIS WEEK

(BY BETTY BARCLAY)

HEALTHFUL COOLING DRINKS
It's warm today. If not, it is pretty sure to be warm tomorrow or the day after, for this is the season when old King Sol demonstrates the necessity of having such words as "cooler," "sizzle" and "sizzle" in the English language.

Hot weather, particularly where there is much humidity, promotes perspiration and draws from the body much of the liquid which is so essential. When the children wait the water tap every few minutes, drink more than their usual supply of ice-cold milk, or plead for a "big pitcher" of lemonade or some other cooling drink it is nothing but Mother Nature arraying her forces to combat the ravages of King Sol. Drink cooling drinks this summer.

Make lemonade, orangeade, grapeade or any other fruits you wish. There is much more of real value to a little treat of this kind than many mothers appreciate. The fruit furnish as minerals and salts and beneficial minerals. The liquid takes the place of that lost through perspiration. The sugar used as a sweetener, gives greater zest to the fruit, and because it is a highly concentrated source of energy, helps to revive the sun-scorched little bodies and add strength with bright, cool and easy digestion. The beverage as a whole tends to keep the body at the proper temperature to withstand the blinding rays of mid-summer's sun.

Use plenty of ice in the drinks furnished to adults. They know enough to do the beverage slowly, and the little of ice adds to the pleasure of the treat. Most children should receive ice a little more sparingly—at all. Serve them cool drinks rather than drinks—the former being drinks that are almost too cold but not with ice. If they are not enough for the ice, a little ice should be used, but touch them that the beverage is one to be sipped slowly and not taken into the system all at one time.

Ice tea, when properly made, is a very delicious beverage for most children. Lemonade is one of the most desirable drinks for in-between meals. Grape, pineapple, orange and lemon are also extremely valuable as summer drink ingredients.

Here are three recipes for particularly valuable summer drinks. Try them, and you will not need an extremely hot day to enjoy them, at that.

SUMMER LEMONADE

6 lemons
1 cup cold water
6 cups cold water
lemon slices

Extract lemon juice, add sugar, and stir until dissolved. Then add water and serve immediately, pouring into glasses over crushed ice (not too much ice for children). Place lemon slices over the rim of glass. By dissolving the sugar in the lemon juice before adding the water you will acquire the real knack of making lemonade.

ICED TEA

More women fall with their feet too thin with any other cooling drink attempted. The flavor of tea should be secondary, with that of lemon supreme. Otherwise the beverage will be too strong for some, too weak for others, and have a tea flavor that does not appeal to the tastes of guests who may use an entirely different blend in their own homes.

Make tea and cool it. Pour over ice, adding water until stage is reduced to where it is pleasing for all. To each quart of this liquid add the juice of two lemons into which you have dissolved all sugar possible. Stir thoroughly adding additional sugar until the desired sweetness is secured.

PIAZZA DELIGHT

1/2 cup sugar
2 1/2 cups water
2 cups orange juice
3 tablespoons lemon juice
3 tablespoons orange juice
Grated rind 1 orange
Boil sugar, water and orange rind together for 5 minutes. Chill, add the fruit juice and serve.

ADVERTISE THE TOWN

No business man in any place should allow a newspaper published in his town to go without his name where it does not name that he should have a whole, half or even a quarter page ad, but your name should be mentioned if you do not use more than a two line space. A

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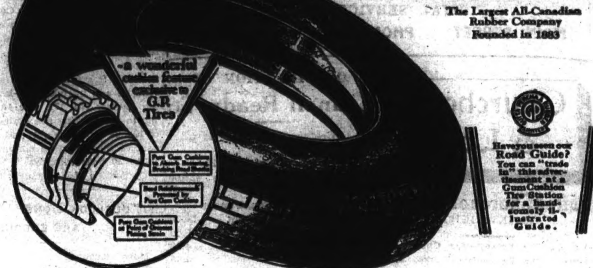
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stranger picking up a newspaper should be able to tell what business is represented in the town by looking at a paper. This is the best possible town advertisement. The man who does not advertise his business does an injustice to himself and the town. The life of the place depends on the wide awake and liberal advertising man. American Bankers Magazine.

Health Service

of the
**CANADIAN
MEDICAL ASSOCIATION**
BRAIN FOOD

There is a popular belief that certain foods, notably fish, are brain foods, and it is thought that the free use of such foods will, in some way, improve the brain tissue and so increase the mental ability.

There is no evidence, that any particular food, such as fish, or that the use of foods containing any special constituent, such as phosphorus, effects, in any way, the mental development of the human being.

It must be remembered that all parts of the body are interdependent. The proper nutrition of one part implies proper nutrition of all other parts.

If the diet is deficient in one or another essential, the whole body suffers, although some part or parts may show the ill effects sooner than others.

It is important that the brain be properly nourished. This cannot happen if the blood supply is interrupted. If the heart is not pumping properly, if the blood cells are abnormal, if the blood is not getting rid of the waste material it picks up from

the tissues—if one or more such abnormal conditions occur, the brain tissue suffers, together with all the other tissues which go to make up the body.

In order to have the tissues of the body healthy, we must have a hygienic life. We must eat the proper food and secure fresh air and sunlight. We must rest and play, and live as is described as a hygienic life. A hygienic life is a well-rounded existence wherein sufficient attention is given to all the needs of the body, to such an extent that the individual does not over-do one thing and neglect another, but balances all the needs giving to each a reasonable amount of attention.

We are not all born equal in a sense that we all have the same physical and mental capacities. We vary a great deal, and what we should strive for is to develop, to the full, the capacities with which we are endowed. We are in a constant state of health, then we have achieved our aim.

In seeking to secure this development, we find that the hygienic life plays a considerable part. We cannot increase our brain capacity by eating any particular food, but we can help our brain tissue to be in a condition of health by paying attention to the general health needs of the body.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College St., Toronto will be answered personally by letter.

URGENT CHANGE

NEEDED IN

FARM CROPS

The prolonged sag in wheat prices is giving the farmers "furious to think," and those who perforce have to make a living at farming will need to go into mixed farming. "Who are the happy men? Some districts in Alberta have rain and the grain is growing fine. Some localities have received very little moisture and a lot of wind, the top soil has drifted up against the sides of the roads and the seeds have been buried to their roots.

Some farmers in Alberta are sticking to the old game of wheat raising, putting seed in the ground in the spring, hoping the cut worms will not get it, that hail will not come down, and that the Province of wheat will be withal and Providence will send rain, that prices will be high and returns per acre satisfactory. The day for this is past as Canada is not the only place in the world where grain and especially wheat is grown in vast quantities. Even if a crop is obtained the price for it will make a mighty little addition to the bank account after costs are taken out.

Other farmers are seeding down some tame pasture this spring. They are buying a few milk cows of a known dairy type and hatching out some eggs to increase their flocks of hens and turkeys. They are not betting on a single chance and are sure of an income every month in the year. Which looks the best? We say the man with the steady income and assured returns will stand the best chances to succeed."

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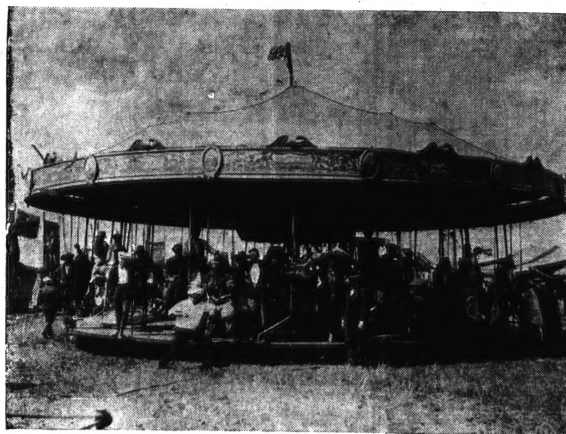
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GRANTED PERMIT

TO DEVELOP TAR

SANDS IN NORTH

OTTAWA—A permit to develop an area of 5,120 acres of bituminous sands in Alberta has been granted to Walter F. Hinton, Toronto, according to the current issue of the Canada Gazette. The permit was issued on June 14 and was made operative under which those bituminous sand rights might be disposed.

These regulations were the subject of interchange between Hon.

Charles Stewart, minister of the interior, and Premier J. E. Brownlee, of Alberta, during the Easter recess of parliament, and were arrived at in the light of pending transfer of the natural resources to the province.

The concession to Mr. Hinton is the second of such grants that have been issued, one having gone to Max Fall, of Toronto, some time ago.

"Do you ever agree with your wife?"

"I did once, when our house was burning down and we both tried to get out fire at the door!"

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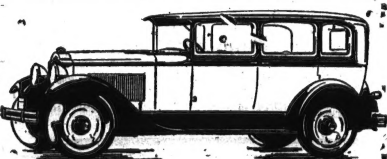
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SOAMES AND THE FLAG

(Continued)

In March 1918 he had been laid up at Mapleham with a chill and was only just out again when the big German "push" began. It came with a suddenness that induced the usual longing to "get away somewhere by himself." He went up on a bit of command and set down on his overcoat among some bushes. It was peaceful and smelled of spring; a park was singing. And out there the Germans were breaking through. A sort of prayer went up from him while he sat in the utter peace of the mild day. He had heard so many times that we were ready for it; and now we weren't. It seemed. Always the way, it seemed. Always the way, too, cocksure!

In spite of the break-through, he could not help being glad to be alive after a fortnight in the house. His sense of smother, so long confined to his own odorous way, was very keen this morning. He could smell the goose's small more delicate than most, the song of geese far-blown from distant hills, he'd read somewhere. And to think that out there his cousin (77-men were being blown to smithereens) was following, from his office, from his garden, from his English office and garden to save England, to save the world they said but that was thin-fan. And perhaps after all these horrible four years they wouldn't save England! He sat staring down towards the river where his house lay. Yes, they would save England if it meant putting another ten years on to the con-

scription list, or talking the age limit of it together. England under a foreigner? No, for Joe! He scrambled with his hand, brought up a flask of diet and put it in his pocket. It smelled exactly as it should smell—of earth, and gave him a queer and special sensation. English earth! Hm! Earth was earth, whether in England or in Timbuctoo! Funny to give your life for what smelled exactly like his mushroom house. You put a name to a thing and it was dead for it.

July came, the break-through had long been checked, the fronts repaired, Poch was in supreme command, Soames didn't know—perhaps it was necessary, but Annettes undisguised relief was unpleasant to him. Then one morning the papers were brought, with the news that the German offensive against the French had been stopped and that Mangin had broken through. From that day on, the Allies as Soames still called them, never looked back.

For the first time in three years he spent the following Sunday at a party in his picture gallery. The French were advancing, the English were waiting to advance, the Americans were crossing the Atlantic—some indeed had crossed already; the air-raids ceased; the submarines were beaten. And it seemed to have happened in two days.

On the ninth of November he had his sixty-fourth birthday—so time, really no one remembered it; he could never bear receiving presents and being wished many happy returns such nonsense. Everybody was sure now that it was all over but the shouting.

Soames however said: "You made my words they will try a big air-raid before they finish. Terms for an Armistice were being prepared. It was rumored that the world sign at any moment Soames shook his head. He was in sufficiently two minds however not to go to the City on November 11th, and was seated in the dining room at the home of his sister Winifred, in Green Street, when the sound of maroons which always preluded an air-raid came to them. What had he told her? It would be a quarter of an hour or so before the raid began. He would put his nose out and see what they were up to. The street was empty but for a few old charity-lending with a dust in her hand on the doorstep of the next house. Soames was struck by her face, it was a smile such as a poet might have called elastic. She waved her dust at him and then most peculiarly winked her eyes with it. Sound rolled into the street from Park Lane—cheering, gusts of it, waves of cheering. One of them

threw his hat down and danced on it. It couldn't be an air-raid then, no man would do that for an air-raid. Why? Why—of course—it was the Armistice. At last! And very quietly tripping all over. Soames muttered "Thank God!" For a moment, he was tempted to hurry down Park Lane whence the sound of cheering came. Then suddenly this seemed to him vulgar. He walked back into the house and slammed the door. Going into the dining-room he sat down on an arm-chair which had his back to everything. He sat there without a movement except that he breathed as if he had been running. And then—b— never admitted it to himself—wasn't he out of control? He rolled onto his collar. The last for a long time. Then suddenly, feeling that it didn't do his case he would have to change his collar, he took out his handkerchief. This confession of his emotion was like a storm. The picture ceased to be a picture, he was dead. The clamor of bells and rejoicing penetrated his closed room, but Soames sat with his head sunk on his chest still quivering all over. It was as if age-long repression of his feelings were taking severe revenge in this day of release and jubilation.

Out there, they would be dancing and shouting laughing and drinking, praying and weeping. And Soames sat and quivered. He got up at last and taking his overcoat and umbrella went out—he didn't know why nor whether on earth. He walked towards Piccadilly. He reached Piccadilly and found it full of forces and countless crowd of people all cheering and waving their hats. He crossed it as quickly as possible and went down through Green Park past the crowds in front of Buckingham Palace. He walked on up the Abbey and the House of Parliament—crowds there—crowds everywhere. He kept going along the Embankment—he didn't know where. From Blackfriars he moved up citywards and reached Ludgate Hill. And suddenly he knew where he was going—St. Paul's.

There stood the dome against the November sky, huge above the flags on traffic, silent in the din of cheering and of the bells. He walked up the steps and went in. He hadn't been since the war began, and his visit now had no connection with God. He went because it was big and old and empty, and English, and because it reminded him. He walked up the aisle and stood looking at the roof of the Dome. Christopher Wren! Good old English name! Good old English name! And suddenly he knew more bombs, no more drowning ships no more poor young devils taken from home and killed! Peace! He stood with his hands folded on the handle of his umbrella and his left knee flexed as if standing at ease; on his staid pale face was a look of awful and Ironic. Rivers of blood and tears! Why? A gleam of color caught his eyes. Flags! They could not do without them even here. The flag! Terrible thing—sublime and terrible!—the flag!

THE EXAMINER'S

WEEKLY REVIEW OF PROV. MARKETS

CATTLE

BEEF—Edmonton reports a slight better tone to the market this week. Prices are about steady with last week. Choice heavy steers made from \$8.75 to \$9; choice light \$9 at \$8.50; good \$8.50 at \$9 medium \$7.50 at \$8. Choice heifers were over the scales at \$8.50 at \$8.75; good \$8 at \$8.50. The cows made from \$7 at \$7.25; good \$8.50 at \$7; medium \$5.50 at \$6; common \$3.50 at \$4.50; canners and cullers from \$1.50 at \$2.50. Choice bulls made from \$3.75 at \$4 medium \$3 at \$3.50 and canners from \$2.75 up. Choice calves made from \$9 at \$10, with common kinds \$4 at \$5. FEEDING STOCKS—Tallow still inclined to be strong. Feeder steers making from \$1.50 at \$2.25; stock steers \$4 at \$5; stock

beefers \$4 at \$5; stock cows \$3.50 at \$4.50.

HOGS

Edmonton reports hogs declining to \$10.35, on a fed and watered basis this week, with select \$11.85 and butchers \$10.

SHEEP

Edmonton reports market decided by dull. Yearlings bringing from \$3.50 at \$4.50; ewes \$3.50 at \$5, and lambs from \$8 at \$9.

GRAIN

Gains ranging from 1-7c to 2-1-2 were scored on the market at Wainwright on Wednesday as the result of a report stating that the French crop looked like being 64 million bushels less than last year. Strength in the States market also helped in the upward movement.

BUTTERFAT — BUTTER — MILK

BUTTERFAT—Receipts are showing a steady improvement, while prices are holding steady. Special 25 at 27c; first, 23 at 25c; second, 20 at 22c. CREAMERY BUTTER—Market continues weak. Sales in province good, while bulk of surplus is being stored. Few loads moving to Vancouver. Prices steady at No. 1 cartons, 34c; No. 2, 32c; No. 1 pint 33 and No. 2 31c. DAIRY BUTTER—Large offerings as farmers are producing now that cream prices are low. Demand limited. Fancy table bringing 25c; No. 1 20 at 22c and No. 2, 16 at 18c. Must be very good to realize these quotations, as it has to meet competition of creamery butter. MILK—Receipts showing a steady increase with considerable stimulating being necessary. Quotation of \$2.50 per 10 lb. basis 3.6.

POULTRY—EGGS

POULTRY—Few broilers being offered but they are not in a very good condition and require feeding before killing for consumers. Poultry in fair shape, and turning over without difficulty. No. 1 fowl, over 4 lbs., 21c; under 4 lbs., 10c; No. 2, 8c; roosters 6c; colored broilers, 18c and white leghorns, 15c. Some jobbers quote all broilers over 2-1-2 lbs., 15c while they wait for the lighter birds.

EGGS—Receipts gradually declining

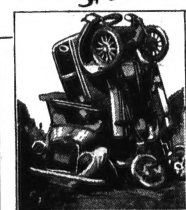
large number of hot weather eggs showing up. Market slightly firmer demand fair. Extras 22c; firsts 20c; second 18c.

HAY — GREENFEED — OATS

HAY—Country points buyers have not yet unloaded new hay, but some of the city markets report receiving some. Old hay practically cleaned up and with few buyers on hand trading is very slow. Upland quoted at \$14 at \$15; Timothy \$18 at \$19, at country points. Upland \$15 at \$16 per ton at city market. OATS—A moderately active demand is being, but receipts are rather light. Bringing \$6.50 per bushel. ALFALFA—First cutting is nearly completed in some localities. Crop reported good. No price available yet.

Now that you have plenty of moisture to help your crop be sure and protect it against hail with a policy in one of the strong companies represented by Joe Welch.

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with an Automobile Insurance Policy to protect you against the hazards of Fire, Theft, Collision, Property Damage and Public Liability.

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AT MONTY'S

DOES THE NAME MATTER?

Much effort is being expended and a great deal of money spent in naming products; in having a name that when mentioned immediately brings to mind one certain brand of a certain product—a name that sells. But if the product itself is inferior, if it is not what the name promises, then it might as well have remained nameless.

All of which brings us to grocery service and our slogan—"Where Courtesy is a Habit". We wish to have Wainwright and district folk think simultaneously of "Groceries" and "Monty's Cash Store". The place where your needs are attended to not only more efficient but by courteously—with a smile. The "name" in this case does not camouflage. Put us to the test—once. We know you'll come back.

MONTY'S CASH STORE

PHONE 18

WAINWRIGHT

GIVE YOUR EYES

PROTECTION!

Your eyes are sentinels to your judgment. An all-important avenue to your thinking power. Hence, the absolute necessity of giving them tender care and—PROTECTION!

Come to us for an examination and your optical needs will be properly attended, with glasses that fit your features and bring you prompt relief.

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C.N.R. Official Wa Tech Examiner Jeweler & Registered Optometrist MAIN ST. WAINWRIGHT

PINKY DINKY



By Terry Gilkison

THE STAR HAS LEARNED THAT

DON'T FORGET TO GET OUT & VOTE TOMORROW (THURSDAY) ON THE TWO BYLAWS BEING SUBMITTED TO THE TOWN BOARDS.

Sunday last saw quite a severe hail storm playing all round Wainwright but happily no damage was done in the immediate vicinity of the town, and the crops are still intact. However, a strip from three to five miles wide was totally destroyed at places between Unity on the east and Gladby on the south. The daily rain around five o'clock each afternoon has been remarkable, too!

The annual picnic of the scholars of St. Andrew's church has been arranged to be held at Mott lake on Wednesday, July 23rd, and the young men and their parents are looking forward to a good time at this event.

Is your subscription to The Star paid up? If not, why not? You may be losing the chance of a free talkie drop in.

The crop prospects for this district were never better than at present, and in some cases the yield is already being spoken of as away above the best for several years past.

Plenty of action; wonderful scenes; all in color. "Lord Byron of Broadway" at the Mott lake this Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Principal D. Kyle left last week for Edmonton where he will spend part of his vacation marking examination papers at the university.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Sturis, of Edmonton spent a few days here last week on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. Caron at Auburndale.

Messrs V. Walton and P. Wilkins motored down to Calgary to take in the big Stampede there.

A few gallons of Bapoo pure paint don't cost much and will add many dollars to the value of your home—Atlas Lumber Co. Ltd.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Sturis and family and Mrs. Sturis, are away on a visit to friends at their former home at St. Helena.

Miss Emma Kinghorn, who taught at White Cloud school last term is taking her holiday at the coast.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Coutts, of Vancouver spent a few days here last week visiting friends.

It only takes a hail storm about five minutes to destroy your crop. Fifty cents per acre will protect your investment for seed and labor and pay you ten dollars per acre for a total loss. Joe Welch will arrange this protection. Call or phone 57 or 53.

Miss Isabelle Hall, one of the town's former residents is here for a short visit with friends.

Miss Phyllis Keok, teacher at Autumn Leaf school is one of the students at Edmonton, correcting examination papers during the holidays.

Messdams J. Welch, Geo. Murray and J. Chynoweth are away this week in attendance at the Vermilion school of agriculture. They are taking in the demonstration lectures there as delegates from the local Women's Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. Bloom and daughter Lillian returned last week end from their trip to the coast.

Miss M. Cruise is away on a short holiday to friends at Turner Valley and Calgary.

Mr. Herb. Link paid a flying visit to the city on business over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Brown motored over from Donalda at the week end, and were guests at the home of Mrs. H. Wallace.

Mr. Canham Cushman is improving his home property by the addition of a screened-in veranda.

Do you like technicolor; then see the picture "Lord Byron of Broadway" at the theatre for the balance of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Alderman were visiting friends at Viking over the week end.

Another bunch of oil magnates were here on Friday last, making the trip by air route from Calgary and the south.

Miss Mary Fish has received appointment to a position in the Bank of Montreal at Chauvin and left for her new duties on Sunday last.

Joe Welch insures anything! Don't take a chance; let the insurance companies carry your risk. Phone 53.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Watson, of Edmonton, were in town on Sunday. They were accompanied by their son, William, from Montreal, and also by Mr. Watson's sister from Edinburgh, Scotland.

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\$1.85 for every use \$1.85

Clean Sanitary Soft

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They Will Interest You

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—THE HARDWARE MAN—

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SILK DRESSES, SCARFS, UNDERWEAR, KLOTHES, BRAND SILK HOSE, GAYES & SMALL WAIVES

LADIES' COATS

FOUR ONLY AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

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SUITS, PANTS, SHIRTS, BLOUSE, SWEATERS, UNDERWEAR, OVERALLS, WHOOPERS, PANTS, BLUE, BLACK & WHITE, SHOES, OXFORDS AND RUNNING SHOES AT MODERATE PRICES

A. SAWERS

LADIES, MEN'S & BOYS WEAR

Cleaning and Pressing on Short Notice

New Spring Samples arrived Agent for Trudeau's Fashion Craft & Tip-Top Tailors Cleaning and Dye Works

Get your new Victor Records for

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Every 10-inch Black Label V.E. Orthophonic Record is now reduced to 65 cents—and you can make an additional saving of 10 cents on each new one you purchase by trading in any used Victor Record. Used! OLD!

The older they are the better we like it! Try Us!

You can't scare us with age! The Victor Record you want to change may have been all the rage when the two-step was the latest thing—it may have whiskers a foot long—but it's good with us just the same! Give it to us, along with 55 cents, and you can have the pick of the entire list of regular 75 cent Victor Records. This offer to save you 20 cents on each record is good until further notice.

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PHONE 46 WAINWRIGHT

ALL TALKING MOVING PICTURES

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THURS., FRI. AND SAT JULY 10-11-12

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRESENTS

A comedy drama in seven reels starring ETHELIND TERRY, CHARLES KALEY AND BENNETT RUBIN

LORD BRYON OF BROADWAY

Plenty of action and good reproduction all talking, late release.

Two real Jack White all talking comedy ZIP BOOM BANG

Raymond McKee takes his family to a circus and Oh what a wild time they do have.

ALSO WEEKLY FOX NEWS EVENTS OF THE WORLD

MON., TUES., AND WED. JULY 14-15-16

WILLIAM FOX PRESENTS

An all star cast with SUE CARROLL & WALTER CATLETT

"THE BIG PARTY"

A MUSICAL COMEDY IN SEVEN REELS

Maciek Sennett go-getter No. 3 UPPERCUT O'BRIEN

Coming soon all talking comedy program, NAVY BLUES

Winners of the lucky tickets for week ending July 19th

MRS. A. M. JURY and MRS. J. A. TOUCHETTE

The drawing contest for free tickets to the Elite Theatre is proving very successful and to this end arrangements have been made whereby there will be two tickets given each week instead of one. Pay your subscription now and get on this list, your turn may be next.



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Sheer
Full-Fashioned
Silk Hose
\$1.25

Made from finest quality thread silk yarn, sheer, beautiful and serviceable. In new shades of: Nude, Ivory, Honey Beige, Pearl Blue, Light Sand, Mystery, Cleargreen, Single, Gunmetal Etc. Size 8 1/2 to 10 Regular \$1.50. New reduced price \$1.25 pair

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All Wool Blankets
In Stock, in 3 1/2 point size in popular colors. Moderately priced

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In checked designs, in serviceable weight. Size 56x78. Our price \$3.50 on

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\$1.25 Work Shirts \$1.25
Made on roomy fitting style from heavy checked shirting of good wearing quality. Made with flat collar, one breast pocket, and coat style. Sizes 14 1/2 to 17. Our price \$1.25

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HORSE-SHOE PITCHING
Sports for All: Young and Old
SUPPER SERVED AT SIX P.M.

Admission to grounds: 50¢; cars 25¢; Children Free.

BIG DANCE AT NIGHT IN ORANGE HALL

Don't miss the date—Wednesday, July 16th. Come early and enjoy the whole day

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